

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

—NOT TO DISPLAY LEARNING, BUT TO EXCITE A TASTE FOR IT.

Vol. II.

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No. 15.

ORIGINAL TALES.

Tecumseh.

In the year 1767, the Shawanese Indians then scattered along the waters of the Scioto and Muskingum committed some depredations on the Creeks, who inhabited the interior of Georgia. This warlike and numerous nation threatened their immediate extermination, and would probably have accomplished their vengeful purpose, but for the timely interposition of the Delawares; who were warmly attached to the Shawanees, having, at a former period lived with them as neighbours and allies, on the borders of the Susquehannah. A party of the Delawares, who inhabited New Jersey, had recently crossed the Alleghany mountains, and were seeking, on the waters of the West, a suitable place for a settlement. They were immediately applied to, by their old friends, the unhappy Shawanees, who trembling beneath the expected vengeance of the Creeks, had no other hope but the influence of their former neighbors, whose character as peace-makers had been long established; and this hope was eventually realized. The Delawares immediately stepped forward between them and their exasperated enemy, and a treaty was at length concluded on condition, that the Shawanees should yield up a certain number of their principal young men, as hostages for the future good conduct of their nation. Among these hostages was Onewequa the father of Tecumseh: Tecumseh, the celebrated warrior, who moved a few years since like a stormy cloud, dark, terrible and mysterious on the horizon of American prosperity. Onewequa was the son of Shekellimus, an old and respectable chief, whose voice was heard with deference by the councils of his tribe. The young savage would gladly have exchanged the fate that now awaited him for the hatchet or the death fires of the enemy, but there was no alternative. To rush unbidden thro' the gates of eternity, is deemed the death of the coward by the philosophic savage; and he walks proudly on thro' the rocking billows of existence with a spirit, cold, silent and settled, mocking the wave it encounters and scorning the demon of the tempest. The aged Shekellimus saw the flourishing scion, which had been the

prop of his declining years, torn rudely from his side and transplanted to a distant soil; yet neither the father nor the son betrayed the least emotion. Calm and sullen as the fearful pause which precedes the shock of jarring elements, so Onewequa departed, and Shekellimus was left joyless and bare like a tree, which the whirlwind has stript of its branches. Arrived among the Creeks, his superior skill and daring prowess as a hunter, soon obtained for Onewequa the respect of the nation; for the children of the forest, independent of every adventitious circumstance, invariably pay the most flattering homage to the spirit of the brave. But the smile of hospitality and the glance of respect were alike indifferent to the haughty soul of Onewequa. Elevated by the consciousness of native freedom, and indignant that his nation had stooped to superior power, he disdained even the shadows of servitude. However, as time rolled on, a softer passion rose like a beam of light on the darkness of his path, and Onewequa forgot that he was in effect a prisoner.

Roaming through the forest in pursuit of game, he started a wolf from the thicket; it fled from him with the swiftness of the wind, but lo, an arrow from the summit of a hill suddenly arrests its flight; he looked up and beheld the archer advancing to her victim. It was an Indian girl, apparently about sixteen. Her bright jetty tresses flowed to the ground, and measurably veiled a form of the most exquisite symmetry. Onewequa approached her with admiration and astonishment. She had burst upon his soul like the full moon emerging from a cloud. Health and animation flashed from her eyes as she smiled bewitchingly on the handsome Indian who stood before her. Language was here unnecessary. The union of congenial hearts is everywhere the same, whether they throb beneath the tawny bosom of the savage, or heave the snowy breast of nature's fairer race. The philosopher may laugh at the existence of love, and the moralist may talk of reducing it to system, but its vital influence still remains unimpaired; and its electric flame is less amenable to control than the flames of heaven. Onewequa and Elohma were perfect strangers; yet a moment passed away and their spirits were

mingled for ever. "You are weary," said Elohma, "but I will lead you to my wigwam and you shall forget the fatigues of the chase." She then led him to Kewaytinam, a venerable chief of the Muscogulge tribe. The old man received him with benignity, while his daughter brought him some food and ran to bring some cool water from the fountain that bubbled thro' the broken rocks. From this moment Onewequa ceased to regret his native wilds, for Elohma met him in the forest and clambered the hills at his side. Her father, who loved her to idolatry, had taught her the use of the bow and arrow, and the deer fled from her in vain. She marked Onewequa with attention. She saw him, regardless of fatigue and fearless of danger. She heard her tribe applaud the intrepidity of the stranger, and her artless bosom swelled with triumph. She soon listened to his impassioned tales with undisguised delight and reciprocal professions of attachment. "Thou art dearer to me," said she, "than the cool breeze at noonday; I see thee darting thro' the thicket, and I forget my weariness. Ask Kewaytinam for Elohma; he has noticed thy deeds in the chase, and thou art dear to the soul of the warrior. Onewequa flew to obey the mandate. Kewaytinam heard his proposals with complacency, and the marriage was soon consummated. Tecumseh, whose origin has given rise to such various conjectures, was the fruit of this union. Previous to his birth the father of Elohma died, and Onewequa, who had gained the perfect confidence of the Creek nation, was permitted, by the desire of the dying chief, to return with his countrymen to the shores of the Muskingum. Here Tecumseh first saw the light. At this time the most extensive harmony existed between the white people and the different tribes, who were settled on the western waters. The former frequently came to the Indian villages for the purpose of trade; and the savages reposed the most unlimited confidence in their friendship. Onewequa soon acquired a knowledge of our language, and like Logan, "was the friend of white men." He admired their arts, and earnestly endeavored to inspire his tribe with a desire of attaining them. Alas! he had yet to learn, that the blackest vices still prowled amid all the refinements of civilized life. Who has

not read the story of the interesting Logan? Who has not execrated the name of the detestable Cresap? Yet a thousand Cresaps have disgraced the sacred title of Christian; and many Logans have been sacrificed on the red altar of that exterminating hatred, which thousands of our people yet bear his scathed and unfortunate race. In the year 1774, while the most perfect tranquility reigned through all the interior of the Indian country, a party of adventurers, who were engaged in looking out for settlements on the Ohio river, were unhappily robbed by some wandering savages; and so exasperated were these wretches, that equally regardless of the claims of humanity, or the safety of their exposed countrymen, they determined on the indiscriminate massacre of the Indian villages. The lovely temples of peace from this moment were abolished, and repeated murders were committed by the whites, under the mask of friendship. Jefferson, in the appendix to his incomparable "Notes on Virginia" gives a detailed account of these massacres. For a time, the voice of Onewequa was exerted in the councils of his tribe to suppress the resentment which this carnage had awakened; but continued outrages eventually destroyed his confidence, and he dared no longer attempt the defence of a government which permitted slaughter where they had promised protection. His much injured people called loudly on him for vengeance, and pointed out the numerous encampments where murder had rioted in the blood of the unsuspecting savage. "The tree of peace," said they, "spread its green branches over the waters of the Muskingum; but the white man approached it, and it withered. He laid the sword at its root and dug up the hatchet that was buried beneath it. Let us dye it deep in his blood; let us avenge the death of our countrymen." Onewequa felt the justice of their claims; but death unnerved his arm at the very moment when vengeance called for its utmost tension. Deeply engaged in the pursuit of a buffaloe, he one day met a party of men, who had recently assisted in the massacre of an Indian settlement. They knew Onewequa, and presuming on his long and well known friendship for the whites, requested him to accompany them as a guide through the forest. The soul of the Indian darkened as they spoke. "Are not your hands," he exclaimed, "yet red with the blood of my countrymen. Even now, I hear the spirits of my slaughtered people, calling for revenge. Beware, sons of treachery"——. The unfinished sentence was lost in the convulsive struggles of death, for the leader of the party had discharged a musket at his bared bosom. He fell without a groan. The white men passed on, and the dying Indian was left in the solitude of the forest! The day declined, and Eloahama clambered the rocky

steep, to watch the return of her husband. Daughter of nature, repress the throbings of thy bosom; the heart of Onewequa no longer beats with responsive feeling. Deep shall his sleep be in the silence of the desert, and often wilt thou call on his name, but he shall not awaken! Eloahama threw her anxious gaze through the deep shades of the wilderness, but in vain; she listened in breathless stillness for the light footsteps of the hunter; but no sound was heard, save the hollow murmurs of a gathering storm, and the wolf howling loud and discordant from his hills. Clasping her infant to her bosom, she sought the narrow path that wound through the forest, determined never to return till she had joined the side of her husband. The night gathered dark round the wandering savage, and the thunders now rolled deep and heavy through the sky. In the pauses of the wind, a dying groan struck her ear. She followed the sound; it led her to the body of Onewequa! A flash of lightning streamed across the stormy bosom of nature, and shed a livid glare on his convulsed features. Eloahama sunk at his side! Successive flashes now discovered the blood which lay congealed on his bosom. Her shriek recalled him for an instant to life. He opened his eyes, and fixing them on his wife, distinctly said "behold the faith of white men." "Oh, Onewequa, hast thou fallen thus, and is there none left to avenge thee? The arm of the warrior is broken, since thou art laid low; but behold the young plant at my breast, who shall yet gather strength to crush thy destroyers! When thou hast past yon sky of storms, thou shalt see and converse with the Great Spirit, mid his clouds! Then let thy petitions all rest on the name of Tecumseh: For him shalt thou ask the soul of the warrior, and the strength of the mighty. Then shall he be as a whirlwind and a storm, scattering desolation and death; as a fire, raging through the forest when its leaves are seared in the winds of Autumn. The race of dark souls shall wither before him; and thou shalt behold his deeds as thou lookest from the skies, and thy ghost shall rejoice in the fullness of revenge." Eloahama paused. The winds died away, and the storm was suddenly still. The full moon rent her thick mantle of darkness, and her clear light streamed here and there through the trees of the forest. The heart of Onewequa had ceased to beat, but a smile of approbation rested on the features, now fixed in death; for the words of Eloahama had been heard, and the passing spirit assented as it fled.

The night passed away, and the mourner transferred her gaze, from the mangled body of her husband, to the placid features of her sleeping child. A lock of her own long hair, yet wet with the storm, lay across the face of the infant warrior. Softly she

put it back, while she contemplated his countenance with a kind of holy reverence. "The Great Spirit," she said, "has smiled on the ghost of Onewequa, and granted his petition for our son. He hushed the howling tempest, and bade the moon and stars come forth in their beauty, as tokens of his assent. Tecumseh, thou shalt avenge the death of thy father, and appease the spirit of thy slaughtered brethren. Already art thou elected the chief of many tribes, for the promise of the Great Spirit is everlasting. Thy feet shall be swift as the forked lightning, thy arm shall be as the thunderbolt, and thy soul fearless as the cataract, that dashes from the mountain precipice." Such were the consolations of Eloahama, and she looked anxiously forward to the time when Tecumseh might realize her prophecy. Four rolling years had marked his birth, when she led him to the grave of his father. It was at the close of day, and the most perfect silence reigned around the hillock of death. "Seest thou that little mound of earth?" said the savage. The boy fixed his steady gaze on the spot, and was silent. Eloahama threw herself on the wild grass, that grew rank round the grave and drew her child towards her. "My son, thou art dearer to me than the cords of existence; thou art the sweetest flower that greets my eye as I wander through the forest. Thy voice is the music of my ear, and thy affection is the fountain which cools my scorched brain, when it burns in phrenzy. My son, who, like thy mother, would have cherished thy helpless infancy? who, like her rejoices in thy growing beauties?" The boy rolled his dark eye on Eloahama; it shone in all the radiance of gratitude and filial affection. "My son," she resumed, "mark me, and remember what I say. Thou hadst once a father, for whose tender cares the fondness of thy mother is but a shadowy substitute. Tecumseh, had he lived thou wouldest have been the light of his soul, and the reward of exertions that would have never tired. For thee, he would have climbed the mountain steep, and braved the angry storm, when the Great Spirit frowned in darkness. He would have taught thy infant feet to explore the secret paths of the forest, and pointed out to thy inexperienced eye the faint traces of thy enemy on the fallen leaf. He would have guided thy young arm when it first aimed the arrow at the bounding buffaloe. He would have taught thee to build the light canoe, and ride the deep waters in safety. But he is no more. In the summer of his days he has fallen, and he sleeps in the earth before us." Eloahama paused. Tecumseh for a moment seemed lost in thought—then suddenly exclaimed, "Mother, why does he not awaken?" "My son, his is the sleep of death." "Death?" said the boy, in an accent of inquiry, and

evidently ignorant of her meaning. "Today," resumed Elohma, "you saw a deer bounding through the forest. He was lovely in strength and beauty, and fleeter than the winds which parted before him. Suddenly the hunter crossed his path, and an arrow cleft his heart. I led you to the spot, and bade you look at the struggling animal. A short time passed away, and the warm blood, which flowed from his wound, grew dark and chill. He was stiff and cold, and his beauty was departed.—Such is death, and such is the sleep of thy father." An awful pause ensued. The features of Tecumseh assumed a ghastly ferocity. "Mother, whose arrow cleft the heart of my father?" "My son, thou hast been told of a people beyond these wilds, who are the enemies of thy race. Their souls are dark with treachery, and their hands are red in blood. They came with the pipe of friendship to our forests, and smoked the calumet with our nation: but they met thy father alone among his hills; they pierced his bosom and fled! He was a warrior, and his arm was the arm of strength. Great might have been his deeds, but his heart is now mouldered to dust, his eye is shut in darkness, and the wolf and the buffaloe bound over his grave unheeded." Tecumseh burst from the encircling arms of his mother, and the fearful glance of his eye changed suddenly to flashes of lightning. "Mother, give me my hatchet, and lead me to their villages! I will drink their blood! I will consume their race!" Elohma smiled at the enthusiasm she had so anxiously endeavored to awaken. "My son," she replied, "thy arm is yet too feeble, and thy arrow is still unsure. Thy hatchet must lie in its rust, till the blossoms of many a spring shed their leaves round the grave of thy father. But time still rolls on without ceasing; the winter passes quickly away, and the summer is again here. Thou shalt soon rejoice in the strength of manhood, and thy enemies afar off shall hear thy name and tremble." D.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

From Cowper's Letters.

LETTER FROM AN OWL TO A BIRD OF PARADISE.

SIR,

I have lately been under some uneasiness at your silence, and began to fear that our friends in Paradise were not so well as I could wish; but was told yesterday that the pigeon you employed as a carrier, after having been long pursued by a hawk, found it necessary to drop your letter to facilitate her escape. I send you this by the claws of a distant relation of mine, an eagle, who lives on the top of a neighboring mountain. The nights being short at this time of the year, my epistle will probably be so too;

and it strains my eyes not a little to write, when it is not as dark as pitch. I am likewise much distressed for ink: the blackberry juice which I had bottled up having been all exhausted, I am forced to dip my beak in the blood of a mouse, which I have just caught; & it is so very savoury, that I think in my heart I swallow more than I expend in writing. A monkey who lately arrived in these parts, is teaching me and my eldest daughter to dance. The motion was a little uneasy to us at first, as he taught us to stretch our wings wide, and to turn out our toes; but it is easier now. I in particular, am a tolerable proficient in a horn-pipe, and can foot very nimbly with a switch tucked under my left wing, considering my years and infirmities. As you are constantly gazing at the sun, it is no wonder that you complain of weakness in your eyes: how should it be otherwise, when mine are none of the strongest, though I always draw the curtains over them as soon as he rises, in order to shut out as much of his light as possible? We have had a miserably dry season, and my ivy-bush is sadly out of repair. I shall be obliged to you if you will favour me with a shower or two, which you can easily do, by driving a few clouds together over the wood, and beating them about with your wings till they fall to pieces. I send you some of the largest berries the bush has produced, for your children to play withal. A neighboring physician, who is a goat of great experience, says they will cure the worms; so if they chance to swallow them, you need not be frightened. I have lately had a violent fit of the pip, which festered my rump to a prodigious degree. I have shed almost every feather in my tail, and must not hope for a pair of breeches till next spring; so shall think myself happy if I escape the chincough, which is generally very ripe in moulting season.

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

MADGE.

P. S.—I hear my character as first minister is a good deal censured; but "Let them censure; what care I."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A FRENCH NOBLEMAN IN ENGLAND TO AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

Now, with respect to another sin, of which I knew that your countrymen take delight in accusing mine, I mean *national vanity*; unless I am much mistaken, the fault is common to both nations. A Frenchman, indeed, makes no secret in avowing his sentiments; and, whenever the subject is started, he tells you that France is superior to all the world in natural and acquired advantages, and that Paris is the centre of every excellence.

Your orators, on public occasions, are no

less explicit in claiming for England a similar pre-eminence; and if we are to believe their assertions, in arms, science, laws, literature, morals, and religion, England is without a rival. In private society your countrymen, I confess, are more discreet or more polite; and a well-bred Englishman is rarely heard, in the presence of a foreigner, to use such offensive language.

But though a stranger is not told that England is the first country in the world, he must be stupid indeed, not to discover that such is the opinion of two thirds of its natives; while no opportunity is lost of drawing from the traveller a confession, that something or every thing which he meets with here is superior to that to which he has been accustomed at home.

Of this mode of challenging applause I find daily examples, and I remark it among all orders of Englishmen. If I commend the rapid pace of your horses, or the neat appointment of your carriages, some member of the *Four-in-hand Club* immediately says, "Ah! Sir, this is the country for cattle. Did you see my team last Sunday in the Park? I'll bet you ten to one you do not find a match in all France for my greys."

If the beauty of a lovely female draws from me a tribute of merited praise, I am asked whether I do not think the English ladies the prettiest of their sex? and perhaps, the question is put in the presence of some of them, when to hesitate in giving a reply would be the acme of rudeness.

If I admire the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country, when paying a visit at the seat of a friend, an elogium is immediately pronounced on the rural charms of England; and either the master of the house, or one of his guests, fails not to contrast your elegant villas with our dilapidated Chateaux. If, in going into a shop, I commend the manner in which any article is finished, the owner is sure to observe, that manufactures are carried to the greatest perfection in Great Britain, and will probably conclude his remarks by asking, in an incredulous tone of voice, whether it would be possible, at any price, to purchase similar goods in France.

If, while reading a number of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, I speak favorably of an article which fixes my attention, a partisan of the commended journal, (for I find even literary criticism here cannot be separated from party predilections) inquires If I do not think the work in question a periodical publication of unrivalled merit; and if I hint that the *Mercure de France* is a competitor which it is difficult to surpass, I am accused of being blinded by national prejudice.

If the Elgin Marbles, the Young Memnon, and the other treasures of the British Museum, are spoken of with merited re-

not read the story of the interesting Logan? Who has not execrated the name of the detestable Cresap? Yet a thousand Cresaps have disgraced the sacred title of Christian; and many Logans have been sacrificed on the red altar of that exterminating hatred, which thousands of our people yet bear his scathed and unfortunate race. In the year 1774, while the most perfect tranquility reigned through all the interior of the Indian country, a party of adventurers, who were engaged in looking out for settlements on the Ohio river, were unhappily robbed by some wandering savages; and so exasperated were these wretches, that equally regardless of the claims of humanity, or the safety of their exposed countrymen, they determined on the indiscriminate massacre of the Indian villages. The lovely temples of peace from this moment were abolished, and repeated murders were committed by the whites, under the mask of friendship. Jefferson, in the appendix to his incomparable "Notes on Virginia" gives a detailed account of these massacres. For a time, the voice of Onewequa was exerted in the councils of his tribe to suppress the resentment which this carnage had awakened; but continued outrages eventually destroyed his confidence, and he dared no longer attempt the defence of a government which permitted slaughter where they had promised protection. His much injured people called loudly on him for vengeance, and pointed out the numerous encampments where murder had rioted in the blood of the unsuspecting savage. "The tree of peace," said they, "spread its green branches over the waters of the Muskingum; but the white man approached it, and it withered. He laid the sword at its root and dug up the hatchet that was buried beneath it. Let us dye it deep in his blood; let us avenge the death of our countrymen." Onewequa felt the justice of their claims; but death unnerved his arm at the very moment when vengeance called for its utmost tension. Deeply engaged in the pursuit of a buffaloe, he one day met a party of men, who had recently assisted in the massacre of an Indian settlement. They knew Onewequa, and presuming on his long and well known friendship for the whites, requested him to accompany them as a guide through the forest. The soul of the Indian darkened as they spoke. "Are not your hands," he exclaimed, "yet red with the blood of my countrymen. Even now, I hear the spirits of my slaughtered people, calling for revenge. Beware, sons of treachery"—. The unfinished sentence was lost in the convulsive struggles of death, for the leader of the party had discharged a musket at his bared bosom. He fell without a groan. The white men passed on, and the dying Indian was left in the solitude of the forest! The day declined, and Elohma clambered the rocky

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SIR,

I have lately been under some uneasiness at your silence, and began to fear that our friends in Paradise were not so well as I could wish; but was told yesterday that the pigeon you employed as a carrier, after having been long pursued by a hawk, found it necessary to drop your letter to facilitate her escape. I send you this by the claws of a distant relation of mine, an eagle, who lives on the top of a neighboring mountain. The nights being short at this time of the year, my epistle will probably be so too;

and it strains my eyes not a little to write, when it is not as dark as pitch. I am likewise much distressed for ink: the blackberry juice which I had bottled up having been all exhausted, I am forced to dip my beak in the blood of a mouse, which I have just caught; & it is so very savoury, that I think in my heart I swallow more than I expend in writing. A monkey who lately arrived in these parts, is teaching me and my eldest daughter to dance. The motion was a little uneasy to us at first, as he taught us to stretch our wings wide, and to turn out our toes; but it is easier now. I in particular, am a tolerable proficient in a horn-pipe, and can foot very nimbly with a switch tucked under my left wing, considering my years and infirmities. As you are constantly gazing at the sun, it is no wonder that you complain of weakness in your eyes: how should it be otherwise, when mine are none of the strongest, though I always draw the curtains over them as soon as he rises, in order to shut out as much of his light as possible? We have had a miserably dry season, and my ivy-bush is sadly out of repair. I shall be obliged to you if you will favour me with a shower or two, which you can easily do, by driving a few clouds together over the wood, and beating them about with your wings till they fall to pieces. I send you some of the largest berries the bush has produced, for your children to play withal. A neighboring physician, who is a goat of great experience, says they will cure the worms; so if they chance to swallow them, you need not be frightened. I have lately had a violent fit of the pip, which festered my rump to a prodigious degree. I have shed almost every feather in my tail, and must not hope for a pair of breeches till next spring; so shall think myself happy if I escape the chincough, which is generally very ripe in moulting season.

I am, dear Sir, &c. &c.

MADGE.

P. S.—I hear my character as first minister is a good deal censured; but "Let them censure; what care I."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A FRENCH NOBLEMAN IN ENGLAND TO AN ENGLISHMAN IN FRANCE.

Now, with respect to another sin, of which I know that your countrymen take delight in accusing mine, I mean *national vanity*; unless I am much mistaken, the fault is common to both nations. A Frenchman, indeed, makes no secret in avowing his sentiments; and, whenever the subject is started, he tells you that France is superior to all the world in natural and acquired advantages, and that Paris is the centre of every excellence.

Your orators, on public occasions, are no

less explicit in claiming for England a similar pre-eminence; and if we are to believe their assertions, in arms, science, laws, literature, morals, and religion, England is without a rival. In private society your countrymen, I confess, are more discreet or more polite; and a well-bred Englishman is rarely heard, in the presence of a foreigner, to use such offensive language.

But though a stranger is not told that England is the first country in the world, he must be stupid indeed, not to discover that such is the opinion of two thirds of its natives; while no opportunity is lost of drawing from the traveller a confession, that something or every thing which he meets with here is superior to that to which he has been accustomed at home.

Of this mode of challenging applause I find daily examples, and I remark it among all orders of Englishmen. If I commend the rapid pace of your horses, or the neat appointment of your carriages, some member of the *Four-in-hand Club* immediately says, "Ah! Sir, this is the country for cattle. Did you see my team last Sunday in the Park? I'll bet you ten to one you do not find a match in all France for my greys."

If the beauty of a lovely female draws from me a tribute of merited praise, I am asked whether I do not think the English ladies the prettiest of their sex? and perhaps, the question is put in the presence of some of them, when to hesitate in giving a reply would be the acme of rudeness.

If I admire the picturesque beauty of the surrounding country, when paying a visit at the seat of a friend, an elegium is immediately pronounced on the rural charms of England; and either the master of the house, or one of his guests, fails not to contrast your elegant villas with our dilapidated Chateaux. If, in going into a shop, I commend the manner in which any article is finished, the owner is sure to observe, that manufactures are carried to the greatest perfection in Great Britain, and will probably conclude his remarks by asking, in an incredulous tone of voice, whether it would be possible, at any price, to purchase similar goods in France.

If, while reading a number of the Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, I speak favorably of an article which fixes my attention, a partisan of the commended journal (for I find even literary criticism here cannot be separated from party predilections) inquires If I do not think the work in question a periodical publication of *unrivalled merit*; and if I hint that the *Mercure de France* is a competitor which it is difficult to surpass, I am accused of being blinded by national prejudice.

If the Elgin Marbles, the Young Memnon, and the other treasures of the British Museum, are spoken of with merited re-

spect, I am called upon to declare whether we have any thing left at Paris at all comparable to this justly celebrated collection; and if I hint, that the two Galleries of the Louvre, as lately restored by Louis XVIII. and the *jardin des plantes* contain, amongst their various specimens of art and nature, much which, perhaps, the connoisseur would find no less interesting, I find scarcely any Englishman disposed to believe that I am only saying what I think.

If I praise the eloquence of your Parliamentary Speakers, I am reminded that it is only in England that extemporary harangues are heard; and that such efforts alone deserve the name of oratory; while some surprise is expressed at our having suffered the members of our *Corps Legislatif* in France to read their discourses.

If, in paying the amount of a long bill at an inn or tavern, I complain of the charges, while in every other respect I allow that I have reason to be satisfied with the treatment received from mine host, he consoles me by saying, as he pockets my money, that the accommodations at similar establishments in England are so superior to those in France, that I cannot form an idea of the capital risked, or the value of the conveniences which I have enjoyed; and, indeed, that his profits are, considering all things, extremely moderate. Such is the language of all classes in this country; English farmers, English artists, and English mechanics, are equally confident of their respective merits. They are fond, on all occasions, of drawing a comparison between their mode of exercising professions to which they belong, and that in which it is supposed to be carried on by their continental competitors; and I need scarcely add where the preference is given.

APHORISMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Were we to trace up to their sources, all the most painful and degrading events of our lives, we should find that the most of them originated in our indulgence of the suggestions of vanity.

Our duties are so closely linked together, that, as the breaking one pearl from a string of pearls hazards the loss of all, so the violation of one duty endangers the safety of every other.

Where is the mortal, who can venture to pronounce that his actions are of importance to no one, and that the consequences of his virtues and his vices will be confined to himself alone?

The strongest of all ties is the consciousness of mutual benefit and assistance.

There are defects in character, which can be known only by means of an intimate connection, and which co-habitation can alone call forth—for inattention to trifles is a general and a most destructive failing, in any a conjugal union, which has ne-

ver been assailed by the battery of crime, has fallen a victim to the slowly undermining power of petty quarrels, trivial unkindnesses, and thoughtless neglect; like the gallant officer, who, (after escaping unhurt from the rage of battles both by land and water, tempest or sea, and earthquake on shore,) returns, perhaps, to his native country, and perishes by the power of a slow fever.

When the conduct is not founded on religious, and consequently, immutable principles, we may not err while temptation is absent; but when once we are exposed to its presence, and its power, we are capable of falling into the very vices the most abhorrent to our nature.

To bear and forbear is the grand surety of happiness, and therefore ought to be the great study of life, and what is it but that charity which “suffereth long and is kind, and is not easily provoked.”

A child's education ought to begin almost from the first hours of his existence; and the mother, who understands her task, knows that the circumstances, which every moment calls forth, are the tools with which she is to work, in order to fashion her child's mind and character.

Whatever may be the ill conduct of a husband, that wife must be deluded indeed, who thinks his culpability an excuse for her's, or seeks to revenge herself on her tormentor by following the bad example which he sets her. She is not wiser than the child, who, to punish the wall against which he has struck his head, dashes his fist against it in the vehemence of his vengeance, and is himself the only sufferer from the blow.

There is nothing more dangerous to the virtuous, and to the interests of virtue, than association with the guilty, who possess amiable and attractive qualities—for that salutary hatred, which we feel towards vice itself, must necessarily be destroyed by it; and I believe our detestation of vice can be securely maintained, only by keeping ourselves at a degree of distance from the vicious.

The pen of the anonymous letter is held by a hand that would, but for the fear of the law, delight to wield the stiletto of the assassin; for in his heart lurk feelings the most terrible and depraved, while he cruelly calumniates the unoffending innocent, by accusing them either to themselves or others, of crimes the most abhorrent to their natures; and pores over his baleful manuscript with the grin of a fiend, as he thinks he is about to impel a poisoned arrow into the breast of those who never perhaps, even in thought, offended him.

All persons given to anger are apt to dwell on the provocation they have received, and utterly to forget the provocation which they gave.

How many heart-aches should we spare

ourselves, if we were careful to check every unkind word or action towards those we love by this anticipating reflection. The time may soon arrive, when the being, whom I am now about to afflict, may be snatched from me forever, to the cold recesses of the grave secured from the assaults of my petulance, and deaf to the voice of my remorseful penitence.

CONSOLATIONS FOR WIVES WHO HAVE DISAGREEABLE HUSBANDS.

He is odd.—so much the better:—there are few oddities which may not claim noble precedents.—The Emperor Julian inked his fingers on purpose. Commodus powdered his wig with gold-dust, and Julius Cæsar wore a green one. Fontenelle cared for nothing but asparagus fried in oil: Sir Isaac Newton forgot his dinner, and Molieré consulted an old gentlewoman.

He is a Sloven.—Better still—he is no worse than eight or ten learned men now living, and half a hundred dead. It is a sign he does not admire himself too much, and a comfortable security that nobody else will.

He is always abroad.—He will come home when he is tired. Birds return to their nests, but seldom to their cages.

He loves bustle.—Good!—People in a hurry are like hailstones, which leap about with great noise, and then settle very quietly. Bustle is a healthy exercise in all climates; even savages have their game, called “worrée.” Besides, a fidgetting person is only an idle one in a fever. He has lost half an hour in the morning, and runs after it the whole day.

He loves money.—That is a great comfort. Flints yield oil sometimes, and the greatest misers may be talked out of it. Old Elwes used to say, young Pitt could have persuaded him to empty his purse at any time:—besides, the money itself is good, and a miser is no more to be considered than the bag which holds it. One may find the opening if one can.

He loves wine.—Another comfort, for then the money will not be kept very safely; and it causes interregnum of intellect which make the wife regent. Besides if he will reduce himself to a brute, he can have no reasonable objection to being beaten. A noted bibber returned *non compos* one day, found his wife's cloak, rolled himself in it, and fell asleep. Her father came in and seeing her thus disgraced, remembered the Russian law which inflicts the *batogs* on ladies who drink before nine o'clock. Thinking he had not ceded his right to chastise as Russian fathers do, he brought two sticks and applied them with great perseverance and effect. So the lady told the story, but her husband never did, not being quite sure who gave him the *batogs*.

He is passionate.—No bad thing. Such people, says the Marquis of Halifax, always make amends at the foot of the account. Be not witty, make no replies, and good humour will follow. The dew is sweetest and most plentiful in hot climates. M. De Luc al-

ways carried a lump of sugar in his pocket to hold in his mouth when he or his companions grew angry. There are places where quarrelsome people are put into cold baths till they cease talking, but we have not water enough in this country. A wife reasoning with an impatient husband is as silly as the eglantine in the fable arguing with a waterfall, when it might have looked quietly on and sparkled after the sprinkling.

He is proud.—Take comfort—so are all hasty men. Whoever is passionate is so partial to himself that he will not bear contradiction. But if those who live with him are patient, his weakness will be their stronghold, for he will let nobody else molest them.

He is churlish.—Still there is comfort. If he has good sense, it will be so often waked by other people's follies, that, like a good house-dog, it must bark a little; and honest men, like their favorite hounds, have a good deal of surliness about them. But either with over much rudeness or excessive civility, nothing is so useful as quiet indifference. A flatterer is sooner shamed & a ruffian tamed by this than by grand airs. Besides, what seems peevishness may be sickness. Poets pretend, Prometheus was sentenced to endure the gnawings of a vulture, but it was, probably, a fashionable liver complaint, or a stitch in the side. However, let a churlish temper alone: nothing good can be forced from it. The wine squeezed from grape-stones and husks is always sour.

He is indifferent.—This is almost an inconsolable matter; but if you think aversion a better fault, take a particular friend into your house. Let her be very beautiful, poor, and fashionable; or very ugly, witty, and eloquent. The first will take care that he shall know all your faults, and the other that his shall never pass unnoticed by you. There will be telegraphs on both sides, and produce a deep, broad, open hatred, as much preferable to indifference as a thick ice is to a little hoar frost. If this is not enough, hire a companion. In old times, all families kept a tame knave; and people in India still think a tame snake lucky in their houses. Last of all, take a prying cousin or an instructive aunt; then you will have a third person to hate, and sufficient business for you both to remove her again.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

Ariosto.—This celebrated poet, was so tenacious of his poetry being repeated with a good accent, that if he heard any one attempt to read it in a manner which did not accord with his own ideas of propriety, he generally flew into the utmost transports of fury. Passing accidentally by a potter's shop, his attention was attracted by hearing the master of it reciting, with gesticulations of delight, indeed, but with a most unfortunate pronunciation, a stanza from his "Orlando Furioso." In an instant, forgetful of every thing but his poetry, he rushed into the shop, seized some of the brittle wares

that stood exposed for sale, and alarmed the astonished potter with well-founded fears for his own safety, as well as of the rest of his merchandize. As soon as he was able to articulate, he entreated to know what the stranger meant by injuring him who had been guilty of no offence towards him. "Of no offence towards me?" ejaculated Ariosto; "I have not done thee half the injury that thou hast done me; I have only broken a few pots worth so many pence; but thou hast mangled a stanza of mine worth a mark of gold."

King James II.—A very abusive satire in verse, being brought to King James, as he was hearing the passages read, he repeatedly exclaimed, that if there were no more men in England the rogue should hang for it. At length after all the railing, finding it conclude with these lines—

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears!"
he was so pleased with them, that he burst into laughter, and cried out, "By my soul! so thou shalt for me: thou art a bitter knave, but a witty one."

Lawyers.—Peter the Great being in Westminster Hall during term time, and seeing a number of persons passing to and from the courts of law, asked, who all those busy people were, and what they were about. Being told that they were lawyers, "Lawyers!" replied he with great vivacity, "why I have only four in my dominions, and I intend to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

The English author most frequently quoted was a person who could neither read nor write; this was the celebrated Joe Millar. Being a comedian by profession, he found his inability to read a very serious disadvantage, and particularly so, when there was nobody at hand to read his parts to him. To get rid of the difficulties which he often found on such occasions, he took a wife, not, as he confessed, for love, but merely to make sure of a reader. Thus was a great author compelled to resign his liberty because he never learnt his letters.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALEXANDRIAN LIBRARY.

When Alexandria was taken by the Mahometans, Armus, their commander, found there Philoponus, whose conversation highly pleased him, as Armus was a lover of letters and Philoponus a learned man. On a certain day, Philoponus said to him. "You have visited all the repositories or public warehouses in Alexandria, and you have sealed up things of every sort that are found there. As to things that may be useful to you, I presume to say nothing, but as to things of no service to you, some of them

perhaps, may be more suitable to me." Armus said to him, "And what is it you want?" "The philosophical books" replied he, "preserved in the royal libraries." "This," said Armus, "is a request upon which I cannot decide; you desire a thing where I can issue no orders till I have leave from Omar, the commander of the faithful." Letters were accordingly written to Omar, informing him of what Philoponus had said, and an answer was returned by Omar to the following purport: "As to the books of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the book of God, (meaning the Koran,) there is without them, in the book of God, all that is sufficient; but if there be any thing in them repugnant to that book, we in no respect want them; order them therefore to be all destroyed." Armus, upon this, ordered them to be dispersed through the baths of Alexandria, and to be there burnt in making the baths warm. After this manner, in the space of six months, they were all consumed. Thus ended this noble library; and thus began, if it did not begin sooner, the age of barbarity and ignorance.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Buonaparte, before his elevation, was lodging at an Hotel in the Rue St. Honore. He was at that time a Sub-Lieutenant with little pay and poor prospects. As Napoleon did not wear a very brilliant uniform, the owner of the Hotel, who could discover nothing great in his physiognomy, and was of course very far from imagining that the poor Lieutenant with about a franc a day, would one day command the wealth of Empires, treated him with great contempt and insolence, and at times with downright insult. Napoleon, notwithstanding the natural impetuosity of his character, shewed no resentment, and remained at the Hotel until he was called into activity. Many years afterward, when he was First Consul, a Russian General arrived in Paris with important despatches from his government, and took up his residence in the first floor of the Hotel in which Buonaparte had long before occupied a garret. The General and his suite had been in Paris about a week, spending a great deal of money in the Hotel, when one morning the First Consul asked him where he lodged. The Russian informed him; Buonaparte did not appear to notice his answer, and the Russian took his leave; on the following morning, before eight o'clock, a gentleman, wrapt in a military cloak, called at the Hotel, and inquired for the landlord, who immediately made his appearance. "You have a Russian General lodging here," said the stranger. The answer was in the affirmative. "Shew me to him." "He is not yet up," said the landlord. "Never mind, accompany me to his bed-room." The landlord, who took the stranger for an agent of the

Police, complied, and they entered the General's bed-room together. The Russian, who instantly recognized the Consul, notwithstanding the way in which he was muffled up, jumped out of bed and asked his commands. "I merely came to tell you," said the First Consul, "that your host is a man of bad mind, *un homme sans sentiment*," and then proceeded to give an account of the Hotel-keeper's former conduct. "It is sufficient," said the General, "I will have my trunks packed up and quit the scoundrel's house immediately." The General related the circumstance to some persons about the Court, and it soon got wind. Every body praised the Consul, and condemned the Hotel-keeper, the consequence of which was, that he lost all his customers, and was ruined. When Buonaparte became Emperor, this man was almost in a state of starvation, and in a fit of rage and despair sent an insolent letter to the Emperor, in which he was charged with being the cause of his misfortunes. Buonaparte on this occasion behaved with a magnanimity which would have honored legitimacy. He sent for the man and addressed him nearly as follows:—"You deserve all that has happened to you because your heart was bad, and you sought for gain at the expense of honorable feeling; I should be sorry, however, to bring distress upon your innocent family. From this day you will receive an annual pension of two thousand francs, and I engage to provide for your sons: be careful of the rest of your family, and treat them with kindness. If I find that you use them ill, I will take them under my own protection, and stop the payment of your pension." I understand that this pension was regularly paid up to the period of Napoleon's overthrow.

THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1824.

CINCINNATI COLLEGE.

In the account published in our last, of the exercises at the late commencement, a material error was made in consequence of inadvertently substituting some of the exercises at the exhibition of the Erophaetic Society for those at the Commencement, which were as follows,

Latin Salutatory, by B. S. Harrison.

An Oration on the Spanish Inquisition, by A. S. Reeder.

An Oration on Death, by D. S. Burnet.

An Oration on Ambition, by J. Baum.

An Oration on the causes which may lead to the destruction of the government of the United States, by J. S. Irwin.

A Dissertation on Agriculture, by S. J. Wade.

- An Oration on Superstition, by J. Spencer.
- An Oration on La Fayette, by N. Riddle.
- Degrees conferred.
- Baccalaureate Address, by the president.
- Valedictory, by J. S. Harrison.

LITERARY AND Scientific Notices.

A work entitled "Notes on the Theory of the Political and Civil Institutions of the United States," has been written by Charles G. Haines, Esq. of New York, and presented to a distinguished citizen of the Republic of Colombia. It is said to have been written for the purpose of exhibiting a view of the general and state governments, and their operation on the genius and resources of the people, and it is to be translated into Spanish and disseminated as extensively as possible in South America.

Grand National Romance.—Some French literati, whether in jest or earnest we know not, have planned a most grand and romantic enterprise; an association has been formed for the establishment of a splendid work to be called "La France Romantique." The said company has published a prospectus, from which the following is an extract. "The important work that we announce has no need of those pompous preambles with which prospectuses are usually commenced. The celebrated Sir Walter Scott has set the fashion of historical romances; and our France is as fertile as Scotland in curious traditions and singular customs. This work will consist of as many volumes as there have been kings in France. We have chosen this arrangement in order to enter the more easily on the developement of the idea of a modern writer, that 'every sovereign gives the impression and features of his own character and manners to the epoch in which he governs.' But that which will especially excite the interest of the public, and insure the success of this enterprise is, that the work will be a monument of the many customs and usages, and glory of France, on which will be inscribed the origin of various illustrious families, and on which their history may be traced from reign to reign down to the present time."—*U.S. Lit. Gaz.*

We have read with great pleasure, a considerable part of the Narrative of Major Long's Second Expedition—that to the source of St. Peter's river. It will consist of two octavo volumes, and be soon issued by Messrs. Carey & Lea. It has been prepared for the press by Professor Keating of the University, who accompanied the expedition, as mineralogist and geologist. The work abounds in such observations in physical science as appertained to the journey and its objects, and contains the most curious and copious details concerning Indian

life and character. We shall make some interesting extracts for our first page on another day.

Wishing to ascertain what ideas the Sauk Indians had of moral excellence, one of the exploring party asked their chief, Wennebea, what in their opinion, constituted a good man. He immediately replied:—

"In order to entitle him to this appellation, an Indian ought to be mild in his manners, affable to all, and particularly so to his squaw. His hospitality ought to be boundless; his cabin, as well as all he can procure should be at the disposal of any who visit him. Should he receive presents, he ought to divide them among the young men of his tribe, reserving no share for himself."

But what he chiefly considered as characteristic of a good man was to be mild and not quarrelsome when intoxicated.—"A good man" he added, "should have as many wives as he can support."

All the Indians, according to the narrative, believe in ghosts or phantoms. A respectable gentleman mentioned that once, on approaching in the night a village of Ottawas, he found the inhabitants in confusion; they were busily engaged raising the loudest and most discordant noises. Upon inquiry he learned that a battle had been fought between the Ottawas and the Kickapoos, and that the object of this hubbub was to prevent the ghosts of the departed combatants from entering the village.

The exploring party encountered the famous John C. Symmes and the following account is given of him.

"At Newark the party fell in with Captain John Cleves Symmes, a man whose eccentric views on the nature of the globe, have acquired for him not only in America, but also in England, a temporary reputation. The partial insanity of this man is of a singular nature. It has caused him to pervert, to the support of an evidently absurd doctrine, all the facts, which, by close study, he has been enabled to collect from a vast number of authorities. He appears conversant with every work of travels from Hearne's to Humboldt's, and there is not a fact to be found in these which he does not manage with considerable ingenuity, to bring to the support to his favourite doctrine. Upon other subjects he talks sensibly, and as a well-informed man. In listening to his expositions of his views of the concavity of our globe, we felt the interest which is inevitably awakened by the aberrations of an unregulated mind, possessed probably of a capacity too great for the narrow sphere in which it was doomed to live; and which has consumed itself with the fire, which if properly applied, would doubtless have illuminated some obscure point in the science which it so strongly affects. In another point of view, Captain Symmes has a claim to our best sympathies for the gallantry with which he served his country during the war."

National Gazette.

Polar Seas.—The theory that there are

open seas round both the earth's poles, has received strong corroboration within the last few months. We have now on our table a letter from a naval officer at Drontheim, who notices the fact, that Captain Sabine had good weather, and reached 80 deg. 18 min. north latitude without obstruction from the ice, so that the expedition might easily have proceeded farther, had its object so required. And we have also had the pleasure to meet recently with a British officer, who, with two vessels under his command, last season, penetrated to 74 deg. 25 min south latitude, in the antarctic circle, which is above three degrees beyond Cook's utmost limit. Here he found the sea perfectly clear of ice, and might have prosecuted his voyage towards the pole, if other considerations had permitted. There was no field ice in sight towards the south; and the water was inhabited by many finned and humpbacked whales. The longitude was between the South Shetland Island, lately discovered, and Sandwich land; this proves the former to be an archipelago, (as was supposed,) and not a continent. The voyage is remarkable as being the utmost South upon record and we hope to be favored with particulars of it. At present we have only to add, that the variations of the needle were extraordinary, and the more important as they could not readily be explained by the philosophical principles at present maintained on the subject.

London Literary Gazette.

A short time since, an extraordinary operation was performed at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital, upon a man whose sound thigh was cut open, and an old decayed bone extracted. This man is now so much recovered as to be walking about the streets of Canterbury. We have now to record one almost as extraordinary, and which has been attended with the happiest results. A patient was received at the hospital some time since, with a very diseased liver. After some time, the case assumed the worst possible appearance, and it was resolved, as the only chance of preserving life, *to tap the liver*. The operation was performed by Dr. Fitch, senior surgeon, in presence of other gentlemen of the faculty connected with the establishment. Upon the liver being touched, upwards of five pints of diseased matter immediately flowed from the wound. A tube nine inches in length, was then introduced and retained in the wound, through which a pint of the same fluid was daily evacuated for a week! The poor man is getting quite well.—*Kent Herald.*

Summary.

SPAIN.

Philadelphia, Sept. 17.—Capt. Butler, of the ship Thalia, reports that 4 or 500 of the banished Constitutionalists, who had been secreted along the coast at Tariffa, landed on the 4th ult. and were amicably received and joined by the garrison at that

place, and subsequently by a number of the peasantry from the interior. Gen. O'Donnell, who was stationed at Algesiras, sent two companies on the 5th to reconnoitre, who also joined the insurgents. Thirty individuals at Algesiras, suspected of being connected with the captors of Tariffa, were arrested and ordered to Ceuta, but the insurgents fitted out a vessel and recaptured them on their way. A report also stated that from 500 to 1000 French troops had advanced upon Tariffa from Cadiz. A body of the exiles (about 200 in number) had left Gibraltar on the night of the 7th for the purpose it was said, of making a descent on Malaga. Two French frigates and a Spanish schr. of war had been cannonading Tariffa on the 7th inst., but the wind blowing fresh from the west, and the current setting strong through the gut, they could not hold to windward, and bore up for Algesiras, where they anchored about 6 P. M. At twelve o'clock M. on the 8th, on passing Tariffa, heard a cannonade, which lasted for some time; but from the position of the Constitutionalists had every reason to believe that they had not only kept possession of the town and island, but had made good their footing on the Main.

The last mails from Madrid had brought accounts of an affray between the French and Spanish troops in that city, in which many lives had been lost. The troops at Algesiras were much dissatisfied with their clothing and pay.

Unpleasant news from Greece.—Accounts from Zante to the 18th July state that Ipsara had fallen into the possession of the Turks. It was said the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople had granted permission to a Russian merchant vessel, to transport Turkish troops to Ipsara, and that the Captain Pacha had offered 1000 sequins each, to 1500 Arnauts in the service of the Greeks to aid him, which they accepted—to these causes the Greeks attributed the fall of the place. It was also stated that the Greeks at Ipsara, having discovered the treachery of the Arnauts, and giving up all hopes of defending the place, heroically set fire to the magazine in the fortress, and blew all up together, crying "Long live the Greeks."

The Island of Ipsara, which the Turkish commander has obtained at such an expense of men and money, is not five miles long, and scarcely anywhere two miles broad, being very little, if at all, larger than the island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel. The 14,000 men by whom this little island was invaded, would if drawn up in the usual parade order, extend in a double line drawn from one end of it to the other. The ships which conveyed these men were 80 in number, and they were enough to have surrounded the island with a continued chain at an interval of 200 yards from each other.

To refer to military superiority the conquest of this little island (defended only by its inhabitants,) by a naval and military force such as we have described, were manifestly ridiculous. Such an island, so circumstanced, could make no effectual defence, and the length to which it protracted its resistance, ought to be in the highest degree encouraging to the friends of freedom.

London dates to the 14th inst. have been received at Boston.

The differences between this country and Algiers were on that day satisfactorily arranged, and that hostilities had accordingly ceased.

An official notice from the "Foreign office" informs that the blockade of Algiers has been discontinued.

LONDON, Aug. 17.

From the correspondent of the Courier.

"CADIZ, July 27th.—I think it necessary to inform you, that on Saturday last a French squadron arrived here, under the command of a vice Admiral, amounting to six frigates, a line of battle ship, and on Sunday morning they were joined by the squadron under the command of the Rear-Admiral, whose flag has been hoisted here some months since, on board the Sante Petri. They remained at anchor the whole of Sunday and at four o'clock in the afternoon of Monday they weighed anchor and steered westward. The poor Spaniards were surprised to see such a large French fleet before their celebrated, and once renowned city, and they could not be persuaded but that England was going to declare war against France.

"It is said this squadron is going to Toulon, to be inspected by the minister of marine, but many believe they have sealed orders, and that their ulterior destination is not yet known.

"There yet remain in the Bay of Cadiz, three frigates and several smaller vessels.

"The ships which arrived on Saturday were very busy on Sunday and Monday buying up provisions; which induced many to suppose that Toulon was not to be the place of rendezvous."

MATHEMATICS.

MR. EDITOR,

Please insert the following, and oblige yours, &c.

D. T.

If a spherical balloon of copper, of $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch thick, have its cavity of 100 ft. diameter, and be filled with inflammable air of $\frac{1}{10}$ of the gravity of common air, what weight will just balance it, and prevent it from rising up into the atmosphere.

Given the radius of a given circle, to determine the radius of three equal circles, to touch each other, and to touch the given circle.

POETRY.

FOR THE CINCINNATI LITERARY GAZETTE.
To the skiff, which has so often carried us across the
OHIO.

Now merrily, my bonny bark,
Swiftly o'er the waters glide,
Plying the task with steady mark,
From morning dawn, till eventide.

How oft I've watched thy shining oar,
In measured silence cut the wave;
How oft I've seen from shore to shore,
Thy fragile sides the pure stream lave.

Full many a bounding heart hast thou
Kept time to with unconscious dash,
As onward rushed thy little prow
Through the ripple's foamy splash.

And many a sad and silent one,
Musing thou guid'st across the stream,
Whose hopes and happiness are flown,
Or but exist in fancy's dream.

Regardless whether time or tide
Retard or urge the current on,
Till star-light beacon comes to guide
With steady ray, the wanderer home.

'Tis well, my bonny bark, that thou
All mystery canst not divine;
'Tis well thou hast not power to know
The tho'ts for which thou'rt made the shrine.

Cheerful as the early lark,
When first his matin song is given,
Bounds o'er the tide my bonny bark
From morning grey, till dusky even.

1824.

MYRA.

THE SHIPWRECK.

"While memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell:
Then while the list'ning peasant shrinks with fear,
And lisping infants drop the unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."

FALCONER.

Lightly the breezes o'er the water flew,
And Heav'n's wide arch was one unclouded blue,
As the bright sun a burst of glory gave,
Then slowly sinking kiss'd the Western wave;
On the horizon is a distant sail,
That spreads her snowy bosom to the gale;
But late a speck, she seemed to mock the eye,
And fade between the water and the sky;
And now the breezes wing her speed so fast,
A flag is seen to flutter from the mast;
Her size—her sails may be descried—and now
Her peopled gallery and golden prow.

Oh! many a wish, and many a rising care,
And many a joy, and many a hope is there;
For in that ship, the father, husband, friend,
Full anxiously await their travel's end;
And some are leaning o'er the vessel's side,
Straining their eyes along the heaving tide
To where the distant shore is seen to lie
Like a dim cloud that rises in the sky;

And some stand musing, as they pensive view
The flying ship divide the waters blue,
And while they mock the white and rushing foam,
Their thoughts are busy, and their hearts are home.
Now in the East, as daylight dies a-pace,
The moon arises in majestic grace,
And o'er the waves she flings a path of light;
How many gaze—and gazing bless the sight!
For Oh! that orb where'er it may arise,
From Northern waves, or in far Southern skies,
Wherever thought can soar on fancy's wing,
A thousand fond remembrances will bring,
Then Oh! how dear when, after years of toil,
With hearts elate we hail our native soil;
How doubly dear that lovely light to view,
Shining o'er hills where first our breath we drew!

Such thoughts are in the ship—and many more
Of fonder framing—while the wish'd-for shore
Grows more and more distinct; and fancy sees
Beyond the bound of human vision—trees,
And flocks, and groves—and many a spot
Of former happiness—his shelter'd cot,
Where the sweet odour of the wild-rose hedge,
With honey-suckles, fence the garden's edge;
One views enraptur'd—while his blooming boy,
A father's hope and pensive mother's joy,
Another sees—for an aged parent here,
Along the sun-burnt cheek, there rolls a tear,
That checks the rising hope, and turns it into fear;
Abstracted there, apart from all the rest,
With eyes upturn'd, his arms upon his breast,
An anxious lover takes his silent stand,
And now he views the moon, and now the distant
land.—

Thus muses each, as lightly bounds along
The gallant vessel to the steersman's song;
While the rough sailors, at a harmless play,
Sit in a group, and laugh the time away.
But lo! a sudden gloom involves the sky,
The favoring breeze has dropp'd, a calm is nigh,—
The ocean swells—the gentle waves no more
Bound lightly on to waft the bark to shore;
Struck in her flight, she flaps her canvass wings,
And reels and staggers, while her cordage rings
Against the creaking mast—the seamen stand
Amaz'd, confounded—from his guiding hand
The pilot feels the useless rudder fly;
Again he grasps it as he lifts his eye,
And looks around him to consult the sky.
A black spot rising in the North he spies,
"All hands aloft! Strike ev'ry sail!" he cries:
And while he speaks th' affrighted sea-bird flies,
Screaming along the deep, to where her nest
Lies in the distant rocks, far to the dark'ning West.

And now big drops descend—and, gathering fast,
That black cloud moves along—a moaning blast
Howls o'er the waves—Oh, down with every sail;
That boding blast foreruns the coming gale,
It comes! It bursts! Wildly the waves arise,
And flash and foam—again the vessel flies
With double speed—in vain the pilot tries
To check her wild career—she scorns his hand,
And madly rushes to the fatal land;
While darker grow the Heavens, and not a speck
Of blue is there—now from the crowded deck
The signal gun is fir'd—'twas heard on shore,
And some could see the flash—but the deep roar

Of waves was such, so thick the gloom around,
They deem'd them fancy, both the flash and sound.

"Breakers a head!" Oh! what a cry is there!
All is confusion, horror and despair.
Crash comes a mast, and with the fall it gave,
Three gallant men are swept into the wave.
In speechless terror some are seen to stand,
Others with arms outstretch'd look to the land,
As if imploring aid—while, raving wild,
A frantic father calls upon his child.
A mother, next him, fill'd with deep alarms,
Has two sweet babies lock'd within her arms;
The savage waves have mark'd them for their prey,
And now the loveliest is swept away;
She, screaming, quits her hold to catch her hope,
And all three perish!—Clinging to a rope
Are half drown'd wretches seen—and now the deck
Presents the wild confusion of a wreck;
The rushing billows pour on either side,
Sweeping off all into the roaring tide.
There one with clenched hands despairing raves,
And curses Heaven, to send such wind and waves;
And he so near his home—on bended knee
Another prays in fervent agony;
While one with vacant eye seems lost in fear,
An idiot laugh is rung into his ear;
Some hurry to a boat—embracing here
Are friends about to part—while mutely there,
Fast clinging to each other, sit a pair,
A miserable pair! on her pale brow,
That lies upon her lover's bosom, now
The damps of death are gathering fast—while he,
As if he knew how useless it would be
To stay her flutt'ring life, does nothing more
Than gaze upon her marble face. The shore! The
shore!
Some cry aloud—that instant comes a shock,
The vessel headlong dashes on a rock,
And splits asunder! Nothing more is heard,
Save the wild screaming of the startled bird,
Whose rest was broken thus,---no human call
Arises from the deep,—yet, by the light
Of the pale struggling moon, from yonder height,
In the black waves below, were seen a few
Of that once stately ship's devoted crew
Contending with their fate—alas! in vain;
For while they strive the butting rocks to gain,
The waves pursued—they dropt, with those to go
Already buried in the deep below.

What, buried all! And is it come to this?
Oh, where are now those dreams of promised bliss?
Those fond delusive hopes? all past and gone?
And does there not survive a lonely one?
A half-drown'd wretch, who did not vainly strive,
Thrown on the beach escap'd,--yet scarce alive
To tell the dismal tale, and sadly bear
A husband's blessing to a widow's ear,
A friend's remembrance,—or with tears to tell
A father's dying words—a lover's last farewell?
No! buried all: for vale, and pleasant grove,
And smiling home, and dear domestic love,
And tender wife, and playful prattling child,
And hedge of rose, and honeysuckle wild,
Succeeds a cold damp grave—a long, long sleep
Within the lonely chambers of the deep.